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FOR THE

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THE MISSIONARY LINK

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"What? and Why?" is a leaflet giving a brief account of the Society and work, in the form of question and answer. "Mission Band Leaflets" are original stories written especially for this portion of our work.

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THE MISSIONARY LINK

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WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA.

This Society was organized in 1860, and is the pioneer of Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies in America.

It is undenominational, and so it presents a united Christian front to the heathen world.

It is carried on entirely by women, with unsalaried officers.

Its aim is the salvation and elevation of heathen women.

"Win for Christ," its motto.

"IT is difficult to realize," writes Sherwood Eddy, "the change which has suddenly swept over China. Seventy years ago Gutzlaff, disguised as a cook on a Chinese junk, stole ashore to distribute tracts, in danger of his life. Met by opposition, the missionaries of China labored for twenty-five years to gain the first ten converts. Who of them would have believed a prophecy as they died, that in less than twenty years China would be a Republic under Constitutional government, that the old literati would have given place to the 8,000 students in the modern colleges of the city, that nearly 2,000 women with unbound feet would attend a lecture on the Wireless Telegraph, and then pour out in even larger numbers to an evangelistic meeting, where many of them expressed their desire to become Christians?"

"TAKING the present year, 1913, as marking the close of the first hundred years of missions, it is less than fifty years since the most complete organization of missions in India, and their fuller equipment for the great task that lies before them, the conversion to the faith of Christ of an Empire of more than three hundred million souls."

"FROM an Indian paper we learn that Katmandoo, Nepal's capital, is laid out after a plan similar to Calcutta. It has a beautiful Maidan more than a mile in length, and half a mile in breadth, and a number of public buildings, among which are the two splendid Hospitals, and the Government High School. At the opposite side of the Maidan is a beautiful library building with a large clock and chimes in the tower. Near this is the electric light plant run by water brought from the mountains in underground pipes. The streets are paved and lit by electricity and well drained by underground sewers. Motor-cars abound."

"THE Nepalese are Hindus in religion, and the women observe a form of *Purdah*. Their dress is peculiar, a sort of trousers, like the up-country Mahommedan woman wears, only of very flimsy material, which is plaited or gathered to lay in many folds. A medium-sized lady requires a chair about three feet wide in which to sit comfortably and accommodate her costume."

AT a great World's Convention, recently held, Dr. Ibuka, president of the Federation of Japanese Churches, said that Japan was searching for a religion; that no statement was more often repeated on the street, in business places, in the press and by public officials, than that the Christian religion was no longer a live religion in the Western world. Christians in Japan were longing that Japanese might know by ocular demonstration that Christianity among Western peoples was not dead but very much alive.

"A reporter of that same Convention said: 'Here is where the missionary came to the front; and splendidly did they stand, French, German, British, American. Without reservation I declare the missionaries to be the most masterful men and women who occupied the convention platform.'"

DO not forget our Fifty-third Anniversary to be celebrated at the Bible House, New York, January 21st, and plan to attend it.

CONNECTION BETWEEN THE MATERNITY AND WELLS WILLIAMS PAVILIONS, MARGARET WILLIAMSON HOSPITAL

IN EASTERN LANDS.

CHINA—SHANGHAI.

FRUIT NEAR AND FAR.

By MISS MARY J. IRVINE.

AFTER five months' term of Bible School work, six new believers united with us at our Quarterly Communion service, on profession of faith and received public baptism. The women have been students with us, so that we have come into closest touch with their daily lives. Were it possible, how interesting to follow in detail the steps by which each one has been led into the light.

Previous to the Revolution of 1911, Mrs. Zang, with her husband and mother, belonged to Hupeh province. They lived on the opposite side of the Yang-tsze from Hyang Yang Foo, the latter city being the most noted in China for its iron works and great Arsenal. After the revolution the family moved to Shanghai, and settled in the vicinity of our work within sound of our Church bell. Mrs. Zang was one of the first women who came to us after we moved to the new premises of our evangelistic work. On visiting their home later, we found the instruction received in our Bible School had made a deep impression on Mr. Zang, who is educated and progressive in all his ideas. He told us with much pleasure that he was studying our Christian books and receiving much instruction therefrom. Mrs. Zang has not only been a most satisfactory student, but has become an earnest Christian, and through her influence she has won both her mother and husband to the Christian faith. Sympathy in the home has removed obstacles, making it possible for her to pursue her studies. We cannot estimate the far-reaching influence of this one family who speak Mandarin, which is the language of all educated people in the provinces.

Mr. Sung personally applied for his wife's admission to our School, stating, "I wish her

to understand Christianity. Her family opposed our becoming Christians, but we are determined now to be called by that name, independently of our relatives, as there is nothing in this life worth while except Christianity." This spoken by a young man who is engaged in educational work in the New Republic means much, and is only one of the many indications that we have of better and higher ideals possessing the hearts and minds of many of the best and choicest of this nation. As Mrs. Sung was educated in a Chinese primary school she has a good foundation, enabling her to progress rapidly in her work. It is a joy to have both husband and wife emphasize their ambition, to understand the Bible and Christian doctrine more perfectly.

Sung Tsöe Iung is twenty-two years old and is the fourth generation of Christians. Her home is more than thirty miles from Shanghai, in a part of the country where we have in former years done much evangelistic work. Her great grandfather became a Christian through the influence of his daughter, who was converted while a patient in our Margaret Williamson Hospital many years ago. This young woman is possessed with the idea of being useful in the world, as her inspiration and example have been received largely from other young women whom she has observed in our Hospital and school work. At the close of the term she refused to return home to the country, but chose instead to improve her opportunity by going into our Hospital to serve as a nurse during the hottest weather in vacation.

Miss Woo is the daughter of a teacher, who is engaged in primary education. In visiting the school, there were present about thirty children, nine of whom were girls. The father and mother are very kindly disposed towards Christianity and think their daughter is highly favored in being one of the students in our Bible School. While not understanding all that it means to be a Christian they are in fullest sympathy with their daughter's profession of Christianity. We are very glad that we could put into the hands of the father a copy of the Scriptures, and both parents assured me that they would not hinder their daughter in any way as their prejudices have been already removed. The family are Soochow people, having come to Shanghai about thirteen years ago. They have never been in touch with Christianity till their daughter came into one of our day schools as a little girl. Six years' instruction in our Christian schools have been fruitful, and she is now doing splendid work in all her classes. The influence of this young woman's life in that home must tell, in all the future, for the spread of the Gospel, as well as the enlightenment and joy of the family.

Faung Way Tsung's father died recently, making it impossible for her to continue her studies with us unless we could help her in her tuition as a day pupil. Rain or shine, hot or cold weather alike, she attends her recitations regularly, and most faithfully is doing good work. We are glad to assist such a worthy young woman, feeling certain that there will be a place of great usefulness open for her in the near future.

As we close our regular class work there comes to us a significant announcement of a Summer Bible School for Women, and we are most happy to send three of our advanced students as delegates, certain that such instruction as is given will prove helpful in training Christian leaders—our great need.

This summer school we fully sympathize with and heartily endorse. Last year we sent there one of our number, to whom it brought great blessing. The Bible became more precious and a more effective weapon in her hands as a worker. The young woman, who is conducting this summer school, has never been out of her own country to study, yet does all her preparation in the English language, then gives it to the women most effectively interpreted into Chinese. Her work increases yearly in its breadth and scope, being interdenominational and wholly Scriptural.

May the reflection on these things enlarge our vision, broaden our sympathies, and increase the fervency of our prayers.

Concerning the endowed beds in our Margaret Williamson Hospital, Mrs. Tsu occupied the Agnes Given Crosby bed, suffering from a disabled arm. She beckoned to me across the Ward to come and teach her some Scripture, that her mind might be diverted from her trouble, which was very painful. "Will you not find and repeat for me 'The Eight Blesseds in the Bible?'" she asked. As we recited the Sermon on the Mount, it was evident that the listener had committed this Scripture to memory as a child. Her home is in Chinkiang, where the people speak Mandarin, and we soon found that we understood each other, as she was taught in a mis-

sion school for two years, at the age of twelve and thirteen.

Her story is a pathetic one. Betrothed by her father at that early age, taken out of school and sent into a non-Christian family, where she was not allowed to follow her convictions or desires, her life became one of sorrow through unkind treatment. Since coming to Shanghai, and while listening to the teaching in our Hospital daily, there has come to her the conviction that she has sinned in not confessing Christ as her Saviour at any cost. A copy of the Gospel given to her has been a comfort and help.

As we sat by her bed one afternoon, it was an inspiration to see the honest effort she made to recall part of the fourth chapter of John's Gospel, which had lain buried in her memory almost thirty years, not understood by her as a child, but with all life's experiences and now over forty, how much it means? "God is a spirit and they who worship him must worship Him in spirit and in truth," "The Father seeketh such to worship Him,—Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." We are teaching one patient, but many others gather around to listen. The weeks spent as a patient have been tedious to the waiting one, but this has been God's plan, for she is the lost one found and brought into the fold. Prayer has become part of her daily life, the Word her comfort. The memory of that life of the faithful missionary, who taught her the Scripture, lives with her, although she entered her reward years ago. The spirit carries on the work of instruction faithfully, and this woman leaves our Hospital with a fixed purpose to confess Christ as her Saviour on returninig to her home. Her last words on leaving were: "Continue to pray for me." A new and abiding peace has come which will enable her to bear patiently the opposition of her husband who has not yet come into the Gospel light.

JAPAN—YOKOHAMA.

A MISSIONARY'S SUMMER.

By Miss Mary E. Tracy.

ALMOST everyone has come to recognize the fact that in any kind of work the mind and body become weary and if not given a rest, which really means a change of occupation, life becomes a dull routine without interest and without inspiration. How is it with the missionary? To be sure the work is not the dull monotony of an office or a factory, but did you ever realize how much of a strain it must be to live in an utterly un-Christian atmosphere and to be the only one to hold up the Word of life?

This is not true of those in large cities who have much to help and inspire, but after a year of school-work the prospect of a change brings a feeling of relief.

Karuizawa, one of the mountain resorts of Japan, is well known to many in the homeland as the great missionary resting place.

Come to Karuizawa and see in the glorious air of the mountain country, the very change necessary to restore worn out nerves. This is not all, for if you stay a few days you find out what a busy place it really is. Look at the Bulletin Board with a crowd always around it to learn of the next Conference to be held, the Summer School for Missionaries or the names of speakers who often come from afar to address special meetings. I had a great desire to attend the Summer School and the meetings of the Council of Missions. My four weeks there were delightful, and on the whole I led a busy life and the help and inspiration of the meetings will long remain with me. The Summer School was an inspiration in itself as I have had to study the language alone for the most part, and to pick up other information about the country and people as best I could.

To meet three mornings in the week with nearly one hundred and fifty other students, old missionaries as well as young, was a treat, and then what an insight into the real meaning of our work and the vastness of the enterprise was given us by the lectures on Japanese History, Current Literature with regard to social and other great problems, Religions of Japan, Methods of Language Study and Manners and Customs!

The meetings of the Council of Missions when missionaries of all the Presbyterian and Reformed bodies come together to report on their year's work, and to discuss vital questions, were an inspiration. I would like to leave with you two points which stand out and will never be forgotten.

The first—the training needed for the missionary work, the absolute necessity of a good knowledge of the language and the people, their history, religion and customs, if one would do lasting work.

The second and great point emphasized over and over, was the vastness of the need here in Japan. Have you ever heard it said that Japan is almost evangelized; that there is no need of sending workers here?

I wish everyone in America could have burned into their hearts the facts which have been shown by careful investigation. Let me cite a few of them.

There are more non-Christians now in Japan than there were when the first missionaries came here and the proportion will go on increasing unless more workers are willing to give their lives for service here.

One half of the population of Tokyo (which is in the third rank among the great cities of the world with regard to population) lives in four of the fifteen wards of the city and only two per cent of the churches are doing any work there; there is a crying need for social settlement workers.

About 80 per cent of the entire population of Japan lives in country districts, and of these about 96 per cent are still unreached by the Gospel.

After careful investigation and comparison the Southern Presbyterian Mission finds that in the field in Japan for which they are responsible, there are fewer missionaries in proportion to the population than in any other field, and they have consequently sent out a call for a large reinforcement.

INDIA—FÄTEHPUR.

WAYSIDE ENCOURAGEMENTS.

By Dr. Mina McKenzie.

CHRISTMAS morning a brisk *ekha* ride for twenty miles brought me to one of the outlying towns of Fätehpur. Here I entered one of the largest and most pretentious of the mud houses on the border of a small lake, where geese, ducks and children were basking in the noonday sun.

Within was a great display of wealth. Richest furs covered the numerous beds, and on one of these the *Nawab* was seated turning over toys and the many pretty and expensive garments he had brought from Bombay to please his favorite daughter. The child lying in her mother's arms nearby was too ill with pneumonia to even notice her father's kindly interest.

The mother herself was dressed in beautiful silks and wore her most costly jewels, possibly hoping to impress the doctor with their position in order to obtain better treatment for their child. Her face showed rare refinement and beauty mingled with love and anxiety for her child, and cruel scorn for those unfortunates outside her own circle. Her cold, mocking laugh which greeted some of these poor diseased dependents, who entered hoping they too might find relief, made me shudder.

She was given an object lesson a little later. Her own little child was carefully examined, gently treated, and directions given for its care. That finished, twenty or more of the poor diseased unfortunates who had gathered into the courtyard from various parts of the village, were dealt with just as tenderly and with as much consideration as the child of wealth and birth had received.

Astonishment was written on her face, but she listened quietly and thoughtfully to the sweet old story of the Babe of Bethlehem who had come to seek and to save the poor and lowly as well as the cultured and rich.

One of the family, a college graduate of Lucknow, accompanied me to the conveyance. On being asked if his wife could read, he replied that his religion forbade the education of women. He was then asked what he thought of a religion which kept half its votaries in ignorance while it prescribed education as an advantage to the other half. He did not answer directly, but shortly afterwards wrote for a Bible which he wished to study.

That beautiful Christmas day seemed a fitting time to herald the Saviour's birth to many little groups by the wells and waysides. At last the village of Billandar appeared like some cozy nest under the trees on the hillside.

A number of men and women were waiting in the street. Most respectfully they advanced and saluted me, begging that I would rest in their village and tell them more of the wonderful tidings that one of our Dispensary patients had been teaching them.

When this brave little woman began telling her neighbors the joy that had entered her life, and sharing with them the light she received from the Gospel teaching, her husband became very angry and beat her cruelly, locking her in a room for a month with little food or water. She never for a moment, however, lost her faith or joy in her Saviour. Her eldest son came from Bombay and compelled his father to release her, and the little woman again enjoyed the blessed privilege of making her Saviour known to others.

Pray the Lord of the Harvest that means and workers may be found to open Dispensaries in those outlying towns, that the Gospel may be freely given to those who are waiting to be His messengers, like the little woman of Billendar.

HERE AND THERE

DEVISETH LIBERAL THINGS.

A SELF evident fact is, that a successful work must necessarily be relatively costly as it involves growth. If this be true of all secular enterprises, still more is it the touchstone of work for the Lord.

A missionary who sees the possibilities of reaching more suffering and circumscribed lives, with the hope of transforming them, has no bounds to ambition.

A recent lesson in a religious paper well emphasizes the luxury of the open hand and heart:

"Giving is the philosopher's stone, which, instead of turning everything into gold, turns gold into everything—into halls of learning, libraries of information, *missions for millions,* homes for the homeless, Christ for the Christless and life eternal for the lost.

"Giving is self-registering like the recoil of a gun. The extent of the blessing is in proportion to the charge sent forth. The rebound is immediate; it is the echo of our words and deeds.

"The returning compensation for all noble deeds of benevolence comes in that which is better than an equivalent in value; in a love and gratitude unpurchasable as it is unfading in its glory and blessedness. It is the crown of character on the brow of the individual or nation, resplendent, immortal."

These thoughts are more significant to us, as we enter a new year, for in 1920 we will celebrate our *Diamond Jubilee,* and we propose to increase our fund known as the Missionary Salary. All who reflect on the outgo of a Foreign Missionary Society, realize that the general treasury which provides passage, outfit and salary, is the one most constantly drained, and which fails to appeal to those who cherish specific or memorial gifts.

We started our Jubilee Fund for this purpose in 1908 and when our fifty years was celebrated it had only reached $30,093.66.

With this experience in remembrance, we have deemed it none too soon to forecast our future, and stimulate our warm and generous constituency to the possibility of attainment.

"Preserved in Giving." This inspiring motto of the Reformed (Dutch) Church has stimulated not alone its own communion but myriads of soldiers of the Cross in other denominations. It is a clarion challenge to which every loyal servant of the Master responds.

J. Campbell White gives us a startling computation of the *power of little*:

"If the Church of Christ in America were to give an average of a penny a week to the foreign missionary enterprise, it would aggregate $10,000,000 a year. We give only $7,000,000. If we could reach the point where we cared enough for the redemption of the unevangelized world to put a postage stamp a week into it, it would be $20,000,000 a year, or almost three times as much as we are now giving. If we could reach that point of sacrifice where we would be willing to put a street-car fare a week into it it would be $50,000,000 a year, or more than seven times what we are doing now."

Who then will gladly do *seven times* what we are doing and begin now?

LINKING THE HERE AND THERE.

A LETTER TO FELLOW MISSIONARIES.

By JULIA HAND BRONSON.

THERE is a quality in last occasions that makes them, whatever their nature, solemn and serious. This is my last day in America. As I stand on the brink of the Pacific with my face toward the Orient and my heart turning toward the Society I have served as a messenger and loved as friends, it is with an acute realization that very soon my "here" will be *"there,"* and "there" will once again be *"here."* But whether here, or there, we all, Society and Missionaries alike, crave that unity that our Lord claimed for His people when He prayed that they might be one. Even as He on earth and His Father in Heaven were one.

How shall we as missionaries strengthen those ties that eliminate space as they unite us to the home-base? How shall we share with our Society more completely our labor in the Gospel with its hopes and fears; and how shall we in turn help to carry the burden of responsibility for the future?

I will not speak of intercession, that golden chain that binds us all "to the feet of God," for that first and greatest secret of unity we have learned and are learning, day by day.

Neither will I speak of the one great cause that claims our common allegiance and makes us one in heart and sympathy, but only of one or two simple and tangible methods whereby we can turn our best theories of unity into the facts of experience.

First among these tangible means I think I should place full and regular correspond-

ence with her Board Secretary upon the part of each individual missionary, excepting none.

Not excepting the new missionaries who are devoting time and strength to the mastery of a difficult language, to the process of acclimatization, to adjustment to new conditions and surroundings, and who besides all this feel that thus far they have no experience worth recording?

No—not excepting these. Their point of view is needed and the Board cannot help them effectively without it. Not excepting those missionaries who feel that they can *do* but not say—who have never wielded the pen of a ready writer—who feel they are "slow of speech and not eloquent"?

It does not require eloquence nor brilliant rhetoric nor a facile pen to tell facts; and it is facts and homely details that are needed at home.

Not excepting missionaries whose lives through long years of service have become rounds of patient seed-sowing, who have been "in the harness" so long there seems nothing new to say? No—these cannot be excepted.

Not excepting those who, their forces crippled are carrying heavy burdens single-handed and alone, who feel always "too busy to write"? It seems a hard thing to say but I think even here there should be no exception. Among the reasons or excuses that occur to our minds—when we neglect full and frank communication, is this one—"Too busy—too much *important* work."

Perhaps we do not always realize the importance of correspondence, as a vital part of our work. Yet I am inclined to think it has just as real and imperative a place in our work as performing a surgical operation, teaching an inquirer, or conducting a school. To the missionary who neglects this personal correspondence there is a far stretching and ever widening space and sense of distance between her and her Board.

Another subtle temptation comes to us in the thought, "The Board is too far away—it cannot possibly understand—therefore why write of all this?" The more reason for the utmost frankness that we and our work may be better understood. Personal correspondence with the home-base is necessary also in strengthening the ties between us and all the scattered friends who love and help our cause. A lady here in San Francisco told me to-day that her school had helped to support a certain work in southern China for a long time, and that the missionary in charge *never* sent them a letter or personal word—she was frankly too busy. "I'm afraid," said my friend, "that the school will grow discouraged and give it up."

Countless times I have heard in America the complaint that "all missionary magazines are the dullest things possible." But *it is not the Editors' fault.* Who can make an attractive magazine out of an empty mail-box? The Israelites could not make bricks without straw—and unless we forward a few more straws in the shape of plain and definite information to our constituency, our little messenger will not be able to live up to its name.

Another way in which I believe we can come into closer unity with each other and with our Society, is by keeping constantly before our minds and hearts through prayer and intelligent interest, our work as a whole and not simply our own little corner of it. Let us try more frequently and more earnestly to "put ourselves in the place" of our Board—with its perspective—with its constant aim to do what is for the best good of the whole. Then rules that seem perhaps unnecessary to us as individuals will cease to chafe us. A wise principal used to say again and again to her school of eighty, of whom I was one, "Remember that in a school, no one member should do what eighty may not do." It is when we lose the world-vision and our own little square in the big beautiful tapestry we weave, fills all our sight, that we clamor loudest for special privilege. Liberty uncontrolled by law means disaster to our cause. Doing our own part faithfully, but always as members one of another in one great enterprise, will kill jealousy and rivalry, and all forms of selfishness for the work's sake (for missionaries are *very* human)—and will keep us all so close to one another, and to the one we serve that

"To-morrow's dawn may find us
Here—or there;
It matters little, since God's love
Is everywhere."

"OUT of forty-one American and Canadian missions at present engaged in India only eight antedate the Mutiny. Of forty-one British Societies, only ten entered India before 1857, the British and Foreign Bible Society beginning its work in 1807. All other Protestant Missions are of quite recent date."

A BABY IN JAPAN

FOR MISSION BANDS.

A GRANDSON OF OUR MISSION.

By CLARA D. LOOMIS.

I AM a little Japanese boy just one year old. I live in a big town a long ways from Tokyo. My mamma went to Yokohama to school and was a teacher at the *Kyoritsu Jo Gakho*. She loves to talk about her friends there. My papa went to school in Tokyo and then he went off to America to learn to be a minister. Mamma often takes me to church and I like to see papa preach though I cannot understand what he says.

I have a very happy home. Long before I came to my mamma's waiting arms of love, even when I was fast asleep in God's arms, mamma loved me, I think. Don't you think she did?

I like my carriage. Whenever I ride in it mamma says: "Here's my little boy king in his chariot," and looks very proud. We often go out walking. I like to stand up in my carriage but mamma doesn't like it and says *"Abunai, abunai"* (be careful). I can see things better when I stand up. I can see dogs running. I like to play with dogs. Mamma says she'll let me have one when I get older. How nice it will be because I like living things which move.

I have lots and lots of toys but I like my ball best of all. I can throw it to mamma and mamma throws it back to me and we have such fun with it. Can you play ball?

Papa was away on my birthday and I felt a little bit lonely but mamma loved me and prayed for me that I might be loved by Jesus too.

A kind lady gave me a puzzle and a cloth Teddy-bear. I am going to be a good friend to Teddy-bear. I have seven yen ($3.50) in the bank, so you see I am quite a rich boy. I'll let mamma use some of it if she needs it badly, but I don't know whether she'll take it or not because she once told me that my friends had put the money in the bank for my education and that she would never, never use it, but save all she could for me. She doesn't care for new clothes.

I heard mamma tell papa the other day that she was expecting to send me to America when I grow up, and let me study in the same school where papa was (Auburn Seminary). She gave me her English Bible? Isn't she a kind mamma?

I'm trying to be a good boy and not give mamma any trouble, but oftentimes I forget that she isn't very strong and give her trouble, and then she gets a little bit irritable but soon gets over it and loves me so tenderly.

Papa will be home before long. He has been preaching somewhere in the country, I think. We shall be glad to have him back for I love papa dearly and he loves me.

I'm going to grow up a very nice boy and very strong like Papa, sweet and kind like mamma, but best of all I want to be loved by Jesus because mamma told me that if I grow up so that I may be loved by Jesus everybody will love me.

I like to hear mamma sing "Jesus loves me, this I know." Do you know that hymn?

I am so fat and heavy for a one-year-old boy that mamma calls me a "stone baby." I can say "A-pa-pa-pa," "mama," "uma, uma" (horse) and "baa." I like to play "mai, mai-baa" (peek-a-boo) with mamma.

Please come to see me and play with me too sometime. Bye-bye.

From

YOSHINOTRE.

NOTE.—The above are selections from letters received from a mother who was for five years my helper. She has written me regularly two or three times a month, since she left school two years ago, although as a minister's wife she has many distractions.—C. D. L.

OUR NEW GIRLS.

By FRANCES WEBB.

WE have thirty-three new girls at our Mary A. Merriman Orphanage in Cawnpore. Some came in tatters; none came in silk gowns, although one did arrive in a sort of cherry colored dress, lace trimmed and most wonderfully fashioned. But most of them came with one garment each. So we have been having a sewing bee, and, after a most strenuous use of warm water and soap, and the donning of clean apparel, we noticed a slight straightening of shoulders and brightening of eyes in the new girls.

Ruth came leading her little sister Grace. They were better dressed than some, and the little one is a happy, care-free looking mite, but the older child has a pinched face and wrinkled brow as though there had never been enough of anything to go around in their family except trouble and anxiety. Maybe she had played some time, but she certainly has forgotten how if she ever knew. Poor dull, little thing—not attractive, but she has a wonderful love for her little sister. At first it was pathetic to see her keep her eyes constantly on Grace, seeming to think no one else could possibly take an interest in her. But already she has learned to rely somewhat on our nurse, and the other day we caught her actually playing in a very awkward fashion to be sure, but her eyes shone with joy. She seemed surprised to learn that we thought playing a legitimate thing for small girls. Perhaps in time we may make her understand that we too have burdens, but we know the one on whom to lay them.

We, being Americans, possess a rocking chair. One new motherless little girl came to my office one day and was much interested in the chair, so I took her in my lap to try the sensation of being rocked. She cuddled down and was as quiet as a mouse, but her eyes spoke volumes. She did not even wish to leave to have her breakfast, and in a very short time was back again. Upon being asked what she wanted, she said: "I want to come in your lap." This time I was sitting in an office chair and she was quite as contented as with the rocking chair, so I knew it was in order to be made love to she came. Now it so happens that we have a still younger girlie, Gertrude by name, and as Gertrude has been our baby for some time she was not at all pleased when she discovered Gladys in *her* lap. So we have to hold one in each arm now, in order to keep peace in our family.

MOTHER AND SON.

By MISS MARY J. IRVINE

MRS. MOW has been a patient in the Henrietta B. Haines bed at the Margaret Williamson Hospital for eight weeks. Her little boy occupies the bed opposite, for he is also a patient. He is her only child and precious, as she is a widow. Although she has had no education in school she is very bright, and is interested in the books which her little boy reads very intelligently. The latter loves to listen to the Bible stories, especially if we have some pretty cards to assist us in illustrating them. The stories of Joseph and Moses will never be forgotten. Mrs. Mow has learned to read quite readily one of our easy Christian books, "Talks on the Doctrine." "It is truly good to listen to the teaching of your books," she exclaimed, "my little boy and myself believe in Jesus. I must come to your Bible school that I may learn how to worship and follow His teaching, or is it too late? I am more than thirty years old and never attended school. I like to listen to all you are teaching." We often feel rebuked when we find such faith on the part of those who are listening to the Gospel for the first time. We are reminded again that among the Gentiles there were those whose hearts responded immediately on hearing the living word, so we are directed to those whom He is seeking to save.

Those examples are given to encourage and strengthen our faith lest we become weary in this, our sowing time.

RECEIPTS *of the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, from November 1 to November 30, 1913*

ALLAHABAD, INDIA.

N. Y.—Brookiyn, Life Line Mission, Mrs. M. J. Donnelly, for Bible Woman.		
Total,		$30 00

CALCUTTA.

N. Y.—Hastings, Orphan Asyium, Mr. R. R. Reeder, Supt., for orphan, 25.00; N. Y. City, A Friend, in memory of Miss Sarah F. Gardner, for Gardner Mem'l School, 200.00,	$225 00	
N. J.—Ridgewood, Mrs. F. H. White, for Helen Eliza White scholarship, 5.00; Summit, Mrs. M. C. Morgan, for orphan, 30.00,	35 00	
Pa.—Williamsport, Master C. L. Chatham, for Muktomaia,	12 50	
Total,		$272 50

CAWNPORE.

Mary Avery Merriman School.

N. Y.—Brooklyn, Miss E. W. Beers, 50.00; Miss Claire Chapman, for Gwendoicn, 20.00; N. Y. City, a Friend, 100.00	$170 00	
Pa.—Phila., Market St. Presb. Ch., Mr. H. H. Hurst, Treas., for support of Bertha,	20 00	
Md.—Baltimore Br., Mr. A. A. Bastable, for Adeline Lall,	30 00	
Ill.—Chicago, First Presb. Ch., Mr. M. K. Kimball, Treas., bequest of Mr. N. S. Bouton,	25 00	
Total,		$245 00

FÄTEHPUR.

Lily Lytle Broadwell Memorial Hospital.

N. Y.—Brooklyn, Miss H. H. Macowan, 20.00; Friends per Dr. Mackenzie, 2.50,	$22 50	
N. J.—Scotch Plains, Woman's League, Mrs. H. S. Fullerton, for tables,	12 00	
Md.—Baltimore Br., Mr. A. N. Bastable, to endow for his wife, Mrs. G. S. Bastable mem'l bed,	600 00	
Rescue Work.		
N. Y.—Brooklyn, Mrs. Peter McCartee, toward salary of Miss Durrant,	25 00	
Total,		$659 50

JHANSI.

Mary S. and Maria A. Hoyt Hospitals.

N. Y.—Clifton Springs, collected by Dr. Ernst A. Friend, 5.00; Johnstown, Miss M. Wells, 5.00; Miss C. Whilslesey (Blue Hill, Me.), 5.00; Christ Mem'l Ch. (Phila.), 7.50, per Miss Wheteley (Baltimore), 3.00,	$25 50	
N. Y. City, Miss A. T. Van Santvoord, for Miss McLean's salary, 600.00; Miss E. S. Coles, to endow Mrs. C. E. Ackerman Coles bed, 600.00	1,200 00	
Pa.—Shippensburg, Normal S. S. collection, Miss A. V. Horton,	2 11	
Md.—Baltimore Br., Mr. A. N. Bastable, to endow for his wife, Mrs. Geraldine S. Bastable memorial bed,	600 00	
Total.		$1,827 61

SHANGHAI, CHINA.

Bridgman Memoriai School.

N. J.—Jersey City, Mrs. L. A. Opdyke, for education of Me Tsung,	$10 00	
Pa.—Robesonia, Mrs. S. E. Keiser, for Soong,	5 00	
Md.—Baitimore Br., Mrs. Henry Onderdonk, 15.00; Mrs. K. L. Weston, 5.00; Mr. A. N. Bastable, 40.00, for pupils,	60 00	
Total,		$75 00

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

N. J.—Princeton, N. J., Mr. H. H. Farr, Treas. First Presb. Ch. S. S., Birthday Barreis of Primary and Junior dept. for S. S. work.		
Total,		$10 00

GENERAL FUND.

N Y.—N. Y. City, Mrs. D. I. Reynolds, for printing, 2.00; Mrs. G. H. Danforth, 100.00; Mrs. M. K. Jesup, 10.00,	$112 00	
Pa.—Phila. Br., for freight fund,	5 00	
Total,		$117 00

Subscriptions to MISSIONARY LINK.

Mrs. J. B. Smith, .50; Mrs. C. W. Palmer, 1.00; Miss C. F. Morey, 1.14; Miss Burrall, .50. Miss M. Wells, .50; Phila. Br., 1.00. Total $4.64.

SUMMARY.

Allahabad,	$30 00	
Calcutta,	272 50	
Cawnpore,	245 00	
Fätehpur,	659 50	
Jhansi,	1,827 61	
China,	75 00	
Japan,	10 00	
General Fund,	117 00	
LINK Subscription,	4 64	
Total.		$3,241 25

ALICE H. BIRDSEYE, Ass't Treas.

Interest and dividends, August, 1913,		$177 50
Interest and dividends, September, 1913		753 60
Interest and dividends, October, 1913,		671 26
Interest and dividends, November, 1913,		1,083 60
September Cash gift for current expenses,	$4,000 00	
October Cash gift for current expenses,	3,500	
		7,500 00
Total,		$10,185 36

JOHN MASON KNOX.

NOVEMBER RECEIPTS OF PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

(Mrs. William Waterall, Treas.)

(Quarterly interest on P. R. R. Stock.)		
Mrs. Williams Fund,	$10 50	
Miss C. L. Lindsay Fund,	5 62	
Chas. G. Sower Fund,	7 88	
Harriet Holland Fund,	3 75	
Total.		$27 75

JHANSI, INDIA.
ENDOWED BEDS
MARY S. ACKERMAN-HOYT AND MARIA ACKERMAN-HOYT MEMORIAL HOSPITALS

ENDOWMENT, $600.

Mary S. Ackerman Hoyt—Her sister, Mrs. Maria A. Hoyt.
Mary S. Ackermann Hoyt—Her sister, Mrs. Jeanie C. A. Bucknell.
Mary S. Ackerman Hoyt—Her niece, Miss Emilie S. Coles.
Maria Ackerman Hoyt—Her niece, Miss Emilie S. Coles.
Mrs. Jeanie C. Ackerman Bucknell—Her niece, Miss Emilie S. Coles.
Mrs. Caroline E. Ackerman Coles—Her daughter, Miss Emilie S. Coles.
Mrs. Lavinia Agnes Dey, Mrs. Mary B. Humphreys Dey, } Anthony Dey.
"In Memoriam"—A Sister.
Eleanor S. Howard-Smith Memorial—Friends.
Charles M. Taintor Memorial—A Friend.
Mrs. R. R. Graves—Her daughter, Mrs. F. W. Owen.
Associate Congregational Church, Baltimore.
Mrs. A. L. Lowry.
Peace—Mr. S. T. Dauchy.
Annette R. Lapsley Memorial—Miss A. S. Lapsley.
William H. Harris, Mary A. Harris } Their Children.
Mrs. Henry Johnson—Friends.
Lavinia M. Brown—Mrs. Joseph E. Brown.
Canadian—Canadian Friends.
Jhansi—Friends in India.
Ida Hamlin Webster Memorial—By her mother, Mrs M. Jennette Hamlin.
Dr. R. M. Wyckoff—Elizabeth Wyckoff Clark.
Mrs. Geraldine S. Bastable Memorial—
By her husband, Alvin N. Bastable.

SHANGHAI, CHINA.
ENDOWED BEDS IN MARGARET WILLIAMSON HOSPITAL.

ENDOWMENT, $600.

Julia Cumming Jones—Mrs. E. Stainslaus Jones.
Mary Ogden Darrah—Mrs. E. Stainslaus Jones.
Robert and William Van Arsdale—Memorial by their sister, Julia C. Van Arsdale Jones.
New Jersey—Miss Stevens.
Henry Ward Beecher—Plymouth Foreign Mis. Soc.
Ruthy B. Hutchinson—Plymouth Foreign Mis. Soc.
Mary Pruyn Memorial—Ladies in Albany.
Samuel Oakley Vander Poel—Mrs. S. Oakley Vander Poel.
Charlotte Otis Le Roy—Friends.
Emily W. Appleton—Mrs. William Appleton.
Mrs. Bela Mitchell—Mrs. Bela Mitchell.
The American—A Friend.
The White Memorial—Medical Mission Band, Baltimore.
E. Cornelia Shaw Memorial—Mrs. Elbridge Torrey
Drusilla Dorcas Memorial—A Friend in Boston.
Mrs. John D. Richardson Memorial—Legacy.
S. E. and H. P. Warner Memorial.
Frances C. I. Greenough—Mrs. Abel Stevens.
Emeline C. Buck—Mrs. Buck.
Elizabeth W. Wyckoff—Mr. Richard L. Wyckoff.
Elizabeth W. Clark—Mr. Richard L. Wyckoff.
Jane Alexander Milligan—Mrs. John Story Gulick.
"Martha Memorial"—A Friend.
Mills Seminary—"Tolman Band." California.
Maria N. Johnson—A Friend.
"In Memoriam"—A Sister.
Marie S. Norris— Miss Norris, Mr. Wm. M. Norris.
Mrs. Sarah Willing Spotswood Memorial—By her Daughter.
John B. Spotswood—Miss Anne R. Spotswood.
A. B. C. Beds—By Friends.
Sarah A. Wakeman Memorial—A Friend.
In Memoriam—A Friend.
Ellen Logan Smith—By her Mother.
Helen E. Brown—Shut-in Society.
Anna Corilla Yeomans— Mr. George G. Yeomans, Mrs. Anna Yeomans Harris, Miss Elizabeth L. Yeomans.
Mrs. Mary B. Humphreys Dey— } Anthony Dey.
Mrs. Sarah Scott Humphreys— }
Olive L. Standish—Mrs. Olive L. Standish.
Eliza C. Temple—Mrs. Eliza C. Temple.
Mrs. Rebecca T. Shaw Memorial—Mrs. Elbridge Torrey.
Perlie Raymond—Mrs. Mary E. Raymond.
Mrs. Mary Elliot Young—Poughkeepsie Branch.
Camilla Clarke—Mrs. Byron W. Clarke.
Sarah White Memorial—Miss Mary F. Wakeman.
Hannah Edwards Forbes— } Miss H. E. Forbes.
Adeline Louisa Forbes— }
Agnes Givan Crosby Allen—A Friend.
Sarah Ann Brown—Ellen L. A. Brown.
Caroline Elmer Brown—Ellen L. A. Brown.
Maria Robert—Miss L. P. Halsted.
Zalmon B. Wakeman Memorial—Mary F. Wakeman.
Bethune McCartee Memorial—Mrs. Peter McCartee.
Mary Finney—Mrs. J. M. T. Finney.
Concord (N. H.) Branch.
Sara A. Palmer—Charles L. Palmer.
Henrietta B. Haines Memorial } A grateful pupil, Laura Eliot Cutter.
Mrs. Thomas C. Doremus—by her Daughter, Mary Haines Doremus.
Mrs. Rufus R. Graves Memorial.
Mrs. Geraldine S. Bastable Memorial—
By her husband, Alvin N. Bastable.

FÄTEHPUR, INDIA.
ENDOWED BEDS
LILY LYTLE BROADWELL MEMORIAL HOSPITAL.

ENDOWMENT, $600.

Opportunity—Mrs. Samuel J. Broadwell.
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Isabella L. Ballantine.
Elizabeth Ogden Nixon.
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By her husband, Alvin N. Bastable.

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